Norton & Heath

Bedhampton. 24th Jan.y 1819.

Dear Dilke,

This letter is for your Wife, and if you are a Gentleman, you will deliver it to her, without reading one word further. 'read Mrs Squire. There is a wager depending on this.

My charming dear Mrs Dilke,

It was delightful to receive a letter from you; — but such a letter! what presumption in me to attempt to answer it! Where shall I find, in my poor brain, such gibes, such jeers, such flashes of merriment? Alas! you will say, as you read me, Alas! poor Brown! quite chop fallen! But that's not true; my chops have been beautifully plumped and since I came here; my dinners have been good & nourishing, & my inside never washed by a red herring broth. Then my mind has been so happy! I have been smiled on by the fair ones, the Lacy's, the Prices, & the Mullings's, but not by the Richards's; old Dicky has not called here during my visit, — I have not seen him; the whole of the family are shuffling to carriage folks for acquaintances, cutting their old friends, and dealing out pride & folly, while we allow they have got the odd trick, but dispute their honours. I was determined to be beforehand with them, & behaved cavalierly & neglectingly to the family, & passed the girls in Havant with a slight bow. — That is much better, owing to a strict forbearance from a third glass of wine. He & I walked from Chichester yesterday; we were here at 3, but the

N. B. I beg leave to withdraw all my Puns.

Dinner was finished; a brace of Muir fowl had been dressed; I ate a piece of the breast cold, & it was not tainted; I dared not venture further. Mr. Snook was nearly turned sick by being merely asked to take a mouthful. The other brace was so high, that the cook declined preparing them for the spit, & they were thrown away. I see your husband declared them to be in excellent order; I suppose he enjoyed them in a disgusting manner, - sucking the rotten flesh off the bones, & crunching the putrid bones. Did you eat any? I hope not, for an woman should be delicate in her food. - O you Jezabel! to sit quietly in your room, while the thieves were ransacking my house! No doubt your Aunt's throat was cut; has the Coroner sat on her yet? - Mrs Snook says she knows how to hold a pen very well, & wants no lessons from me; only think of the vanity of the woman! She tells me to make honourable mention of your letter which she received at Breakfast time, but how can I do so? I have not read it; & will lay my life it is not a tenth part so good as mine, - prhaps on your letter to her! - On Tuesday night I think you'll see me. In the mean time I'll not say a word about spades in the way of my profession, tho' as your friend I must profess myself very sorry. That's I am going to call on Mr. Butler & Mr. Burton this morning, & to-morrow we shall go to Lansdoad to see Mr. Way's Chapel consecrated by the two Bishops

to Weeks on the Place

of Gloucester & St Davids - If that vile Carver & Gilbert does not do me justice, I'll annoy him all his life with legal expences at every quarter, if my rent is not sent to the day, & that will not be revenge enough for the trouble & confusion he has put me to. - Mrs Dilke is remarkably well for Mrs Dilke in winter. - Have you heard any thing of John Blagden; he is off! want of business has made him play the fool, - I am sorry. Mat Brown and you are getting so very witty. my modest feathered Pen fizzles like baby to eat beef at making its entrance among such trantum sentences - or take ten senses. Brown super or supper-named the Sleek has been getting thinner a little by jumping opposite Miss Muggins - (Brown says Mullins but I beg leave to differ from him) - me & it is out till ten o'clock. Miss M. has persuaded Brown to shave his whiskers - he came down to Breakfast like the Sign of the full Moon - his Profile is quite altered - He looks more like an oman than Man I ever could think it possible - and on putting on Mrs D's Calash the deception was complete especially as his voice is trebled by making love in the draught of a door way - I too am metamorphosed - a young oman here in Bed - Brampton has over persuaded me to wear my Shirt collar up to my eyes. Mrs Snook I catch smoaking it every now and then and I believe Brown does but I cannot now look sideways - Brown wants to scribble more

to Wrighten on the Heath
Sept 22nd 1816
Hampstead
Dear Reynolds
I will finish with a paragraph of Mathematical nonsense
and Elm Cottage - visit for getting Mullins

way did he "bruze the Serpents head"-

Your affectionate Parson
John

Two Pence
U.S. Unpaid
Hampden

Reads Esq
Mrs Abbeys
Mr Allsbury Town

Clock
R. 31
N.J.

11th The Prophecy to our first parents is this - Genesis 3 Chapter
verse "and I will put enmity between thee and the woman
and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruze thy head
and thou shalt bruze his heel - Christ the Son of David
by dying on the Cross triumphed over death and the
grave from which he saved mankind; and in that